

LEGACY OF LIGHT

by

Karen Zacarías

A play commissioned by Arena Stage

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SETTING:

FRANCE 1700's: the costumes are full French Pre-revolutionary

NEW JERSEY: Now

The set is simple and abstract:

A door that leads in and out.

A bed that appears and disappears.

Dead Trees. Trees with leaves. Trees with flowers. Trees with Fruit.

And light

And some darkness too.

CHARACTERS:

EMILIE du CHÂTELET- Beautiful intelligent woman. A scientist. Age 42

VOLTAIRE – Emilie's lover; Playwright and scientist-wannabe. Age 54

SAINT-LAMBERT- Emilie's handsome younger lover. Also plays **LEWIS**

OLIVIA- Modern professional woman. A scientist. Age 42. Also plays **WET NURSE**

MILLIE- Modern 21 year-old woman. Italian descent. Also plays **PAULINE**

PETER- Olivia's husband. Age 44. Also plays **MONSIEUR DU CHÂTELET**

Many of Voltaire's actual quotations are peppered throughout the play.

ACT I: SCENE I

(A love scene...on a bed, under and over the covers.)

SAINT LAMBERT

Oh Emilie...You are the sun! The stars!

EMILIE

Oh, Jean-François, stop.

SAINT LAMBERT

The heat of your skin...the light of your eyes.

EMILIE

Mon cher, you are making me blush!

SAINT LAMBERT

Your blushing body is my universe. And I, your astronomer.

EMILIE

(Playful) Dear young poet. Stop! Arête!

SAINT LAMBERT

Stop touching you? Stop tasting you?

(He kisses her neck and pulls the covers over them...things get sexier and more heated)

EMILIE

Oh. Don't stop.

SAINT LAMBERT

I adore you...

EMILIE

More, please.

SAINT LAMBERT

Oh Emilie. You are a Goddess!

EMILIE

Oh! Please! More!

SAINT LAMBERT

You are Aphrodite!

EMILIE
Jean-François!

SAINT LAMBERT
Emilie!

EMILIE
Don't stop! Don't stop, Jean-François!

VOLTAIRE (Off stage)
Emilie!

SAINT LAMBERT
Voltaire!

VOLTAIRE (Offstage)
Emilie?

EMILIE
Jean-François, you stopped!

ST. LAMBERT
It's Voltaire!

EMILIE
Voltaire?

VOLTAIRE
Emilie! Where are you? I have written the most glorious role for you in my play.

SAINT LAMBERT (leaps in a panic and begins to dress)
Voltaire is looking for you.

EMILIE
Jean-François-

SAINT LAMBERT
Emilie-

VOLTAIRE (Opens the door)
Emilie! ...St Lambert?

SAINT LAMBERT
Monsieur Voltaire.!!!

EMILIE
Voltaire...my love
(Pause)

VOLTAIRE
Good God! I cannot believe this!

EMILIE
Voltaire.

VOLTAIRE
You and Saint Lambert?

ST. LAMBERT
Monsieur Voltaire, I am so sorry! I never meant-

EMILIE
Voltaire, calm down.

VOLTAIRE
Calm down? My heart is breaking. My soul recoils. Madame. You told me you were occupied in your room with scientific experiments!

EMILIE
Voltaire, please!

VOLTAIRE
Instead I find you occupied...literally occupied with...with him?

SAINT LAMBERT
Pardon me, I know how this must look, Monsieur.

VOLTAIRE
I see the woman I most adore betraying me for the carnal pleasure of...of...a PUPPY!

EMILIE
Voltaire!

ST LAMBERT
I am not a puppy! I am a noble member of the King's court. How dare you burst into this gentlewoman's chamber?

VOLTAIRE
St. Lambert, how dare your member burst into my gentlewoman's court?

EMILIE
Enough, Voltaire-

VOLTAIRE
Imagine what your husband would say about this, Madame?

EMILIE
Do not bring the Marquis into this discussion. This is between you and me. Entre nous.

VOLTAIRE
St Lambert, you came here to learn from me. To have me tax your verse and encourage your poetry. And now you steal my muse? It's enough to make me want to pull out my blade.

EMILIE
Voltaire, you are not a man of violence.

VOLTAIRE
Do you doubt the thrust of my sword, Madame?

EMILIE
Oh Voltaire, please!

ST LAMBERT
Monsieur. I have heard as swordsman you are somewhat soft.

EMILIE
Jeans-Francois!

VOLTAIRE
Soft?

ST LAMBERT
You are a man of a certain ripe age.

VOLTAIRE
And you're not yet the ripe age of a man,

EMILIE
Voltaire-

ST LAMBERT
I am a nobleman

VOLTAIRE
And I am all man.

EMILIE

Voltaire, really don't provoke---

ST LAMBERT

En garde.

VOLTAIRE

I have been imprisoned in the Bastille, banished to England, and had my plays produced at the Comedie Française. I have no fear. En garde.

(They fight)

EMILIE

Oh, ce n'est pas possible!

ST. LAMBERT

Beware, Monsieur Voltaire, for I am a highly trained fighter.

VOLTAIRE

Beware, St. Lambert, for I am a highly trained thinker. (He does something clever to avoid the blade)

EMILIE

Then think, Voltaire! You could get hurt or killed!

VOLTAIRE

Then they will say I died for love.

(Still fighting)

EMILIE

No, they will say you died for pride and vanity.

VOLTAIRE

Fine, that too.

(LAMBERT almost strikes VOLTAIRE)

EMILIE

Careful! Jean-François, don't hurt him...

ST. LAMBERT

He attacks me! I must respond.

VOLTAIRE

See? How courtly and civilized we are?

EMILIE

You are primitive and stupid.

ST. Lambert-

Voilà.

VOLTAIRE

Oh!

EMILIE

Voltaire. Why must you always court danger?

VOLTAIRE

To remind you that an old man's swordplay still surprises.

EMILIE

You'll do anything for attention, even if it harms you.

VOLTAIRE

HA

ST. LAMBERT

HA!

EMILIE

HA HA on you both.

(EMILIE has grabbed her sword and deftly disarms or separates both men)

Let us act like rational thinking beings shall we?

VOLTAIRE

First, I need to breathe.

ST LAMBERT

You know Monsieur Voltaire, I am a great admirer of your plays.

VOLTAIRE

Of course you are.

EMILIE

Perhaps we should give Voltaire some room to catch his breath, mon cher. Perhaps you should go for a walk-

ST. LAMBERT
And get some fresh air!

EMILIE
Thank you, my love. (EMILIE kisses ST. LAMBERT)

(ST. LAMBERT gives VOLTAIRE a slight awkward bow)

ST. LAMBERT
Monsieur Voltaire-

(ST. LAMBERT exits)

EMILIE
Are you all right?

VOLTAIRE
No! I'm not all right! My heart is breaking!

EMILIE
Breathe.

VOLTAIRE
Saint Lambert?

EMILIE
Breathe.

VOLTAIRE
Saint Lambert!!

EMILIE
Breathe.

VOLTAIRE
SAINT LAMBERT!!!!

EMILIE
Calm down.

VOLTAIRE
You replace me...with him? With that little puppy!

EMILIE
He is handsome; he is young.

VOLTAIRE

Poison daggers are piercing my bleeding heart.

EMILIE

Enough theatrics. You are being unreasonable and unjust.

VOLTAIRE

Emilie, my entire life is dedicated to reason and justice.

EMILIE

Then treat my behavior with the same fair tenderness you treat your own. I know about the other ladies in your life.

VOLTAIRE

I beg your pardon?

EMILIE

Your letters to them are beautiful. (She pulls some letters out of her desk)

VOLTAIRE

(Beat) Who sent them to you?

EMILIE

An anonymous “friend” who wants to harm you and make me feel like a fool. And this is why I continue to tell you, my love, be careful of what you write...people are using everything you pen in an effort to harm you. To banish you. Good God, it’s a constant battle having to protect you from yourself.

VOLTAIRE

Why didn’t you say anything to me?

EMILIE

I will not beg any man to love me. Not even you.

VOLTAIRE

Forgive me, Emilie.

EMILIE

Remember how it was with us in the beginning? The passionate nights without sleep, the stolen kisses in dark hallways, the long fiery talks?

VOLTAIRE

Yes...I do.

EMILIE

Being with you is like being filled with light. With possibility.

VOLTAIRE

Our souls were made for each other.

EMILIE

Then forgive me and forgive Saint-Lambert for I'm certain he'd rather not be the man who stabbed the continent's favorite poet.

VOLTAIRE

We are all full of weakness and errors, let us mutually pardon each other our follies. It is the first law of nature.

EMILIE

Who would have guessed the first law of nature would be forgiveness? I would have thought the first law of nature would be change.

ACT I: SCENE II

(PETER enters with a Grocery bag)

PETER (singing)

“She Blinded me with science” Do-do do.

She blinded me - with SCIENCE

And hit me with technology

(He turns on the light. OLIVIA is sitting on the couch with a box on her lap)

Good Heavens, Olivia! You scared me!

OLIVIA

Sorry.

PETER

What are you doing sitting here alone in the dark?

OLIVIA

Nothing. Just thinking. You were singing our song!

PETER

Was I?

OLIVIA

I could have gone to the grocery store.

PETER

You haven't been to the grocery store in seven years.

OLIVIA

True.

PETER

And you're never home this early.

OLIVIA

I know. Always at work.

PETER

Is everything OK? You seem...

OLIVIA

I'm what?

PETER

You seem a little dazed.

OLIVIA

Dazed. Yes. But very happy.

PETER

Really?

OLIVIA

Yes. Really. How was your day?

PETER

Well, the school finally got those little pencils I ordered and Billy was able to grip one correctly. And suddenly his scrawls turned into legible letters. I was right! That kid doesn't have a learning disability; he has a fine motor problem. Billy wrote the best letter B ever. Three months of struggling and then today. He did it.

OLIVIA

So today is the day Billy wrote his name.

PETER

Amazing that something as simple as a pencil can make a difference, you know.

OLIVIA

Peter, I think I found it.

PETER

Found it? Olivia...

(She brings out a photograph)

OLIVIA

My team wants to be very careful before an announcement is made...but I have every reason to believe I've discovered...the first evidence of a planet in formation.

PETER

A planet in formation. Where?

OLIVIA

See that little little dot?

PETER

Barely...

OLIVIA

That's it. It's beyond our solar system...but not too far away...it orbits the blue star Vega. Of course the possibility that it might be a brown dwarf can't be entirely ruled out- but our calculations of its trajectory, its' color, its' temperature, the way it moves, of the proximity of a stellar nursery. If my hypothesis is correct... This is the embryonic core of a planet.

PETER

Olivia,

OLIVIA

I've named her Vega-B"

PETER

It has a name? This is huge!

OLIVIA

This is everything I've ever wanted.

PETER

OLIVIA, you are going to win a Nobel Prize.

OLIVIA

Peter, only two women have ever won the Nobel Prize in Physics.

PETER

You are going to be the third.

PETER

First Billy, now this. Unbelievable.

OLIVIA

Now, we have to continue to observe, measure, calculate and predict...and wait to see if it's correct.

PETER

Wait? How long?!!!

OLIVIA

Oh...a million years, depending

PETER

Olivia, that's a long time.

OLIVIA

To us. But to the universe, it's nothing. (Beat. Looks at the photograph)

By the way. I totaled the car.

PETER

What?

OLIVIA

Smashed.

PETER

What? Are you OK?

OLIVIA

Just five stitches.

PETER

Where?

OLIVIA

Here. You can't see because of my hair. They wanted to shave it. Can you believe it? They wanted to shave my hair. After all I've done to grow it out. But I urged them otherwise. I can be persuasive that way.

PETER

Totally totaled?

OLIVIA

Yes.

PETER

Why didn't you call me?

OLIVIA

Because I wanted to surprise you.

PETER

Surprise me more?

OLIVIA

I had to buy you something. I took a taxi. Then I walked home.

(She hands him a gift she pulls out of her bag)

Open it. It's for you.

PETER

You hate shopping.

OLIVIA
I know. Open it.

PETER
What is it?

OLIVIA
It's something you truly want, but do not have.

PETER
A wrist watch walkie talkie?

OLIVIA
Open it.

(PETER does. He pulls out some baby booties)

PETER
Oh.

OLIVIA
For you.

PETER
(Beat) A little small, don't you think?

OLIVIA
I want to have a baby.

PETER
(Beat) Oh, Olivia...

OLIVIA
Start where we stopped...

PETER
Olivia...sweetie... the baby part might have already passed us by.

OLIVIA
No! Don't say that. No. It hasn't ...

PETER
I thought we made our peace with it.

OLIVIA
Peace?

PETER

I have my students. You have your work. We have our friends.

OLIVIA

I don't want peace. I want a noisy kicking burping living breathing child.

PETER

Olivia, sweetie, there are certain facts...

OLIVIA

Facts! I know the facts. But facts are...fixed...they aren't knowledge. And I know...in my profession, that if you just look at an equation, a problem long enough, and do the math in your head, and dream about it...and focus...suddenly, when you least expect it...the perspective will shift...and light will shine and you will see a way.

PETER

And that's what happened to you today?

OLIVIA

The car was spinning and the metal was compressing and the glass was breaking, I had this still moment...and I conceived an idea.

(He hugs her and kisses her head)

OLIVIA

Peter, think about it. If a galaxy can have a baby, why can't we?

ACT I: SCENE III
VOLTAIRE AND EMILIE VAUDVILLE SCENE

VOLTAIRE

Before we go much further, I think we should introduce ourselves.

EMILIE

Oh Voltaire, everyone knows who you are.

VOLTAIRE

Oh, look at them! They think they know, but do they really?

EMILIE

Everyone, this is Voltaire, the philosopher-

VOLTAIRE

The playwright-

EMILIE

And my lover. As the most celebrated philosopher of our time...

VOLTAIRE

And also the most persecuted.

EMILIE

Voltaire is something entirely new and wondrous.

VOLTAIRE

I am self made man.

EMILIE

His accomplishments are great and yet to many, he is a dire threat to our society.

VOLTAIRE

“Stand upright, speak thy thoughts: They only live who dare.”

EMILIE

Voltaire and I fell in love over our mutual admiration of the English astronomer and mathematician Isaac Newton.

VOLTAIRE

Who would think the simple act of looking at an apple would suddenly birth a whole new way of thinking about the universe?

EMILIE

The knowledge and temptation of apples.

VOLTAIRE

Apples are my favorite fruit!

(VOLTAIRE pulls out an apple and bites into it)

EMILIE

You know the wonderful story about the apple falling on Newton's head?

VOLTAIRE

I wrote it!

EMILIE

Yes! Voltaire wrote it! Voltaire made it up!

VOLTAIRE

Emilie! I did not make it up! During my exile in England, Newton told me that amazing story himself.

EMILIE

I've read and translated Newton's writings and nowhere in his notes does he mention apples. (Beat)

VOLTAIRE

I met Emilie in 1733. I was 38.

EMILIE

I was twenty-six and married to the Marquis du Châtelet.

VOLTAIRE

A very understanding man, the Marquis.

EMILIE

Yes. My husband is very accepting of my eccentric nature to learn and to live with Voltaire in our house at Cirey...and I am very accepting of his distant battles and his many mistresses.

VOLTAIRE

You see? We are French.

How could I not fall in love with her restless inquisitive mind? Besides, the love making: absolutely wonderful

EMILIE

Delicious.

VOLTAIRE

She likes all sorts of experiments...I mean the curiosity of this woman...

EMILIE

Si vous plait!

VOLTAIRE

Together we worked on some of Newton's scientific theories. In 1736 we published THE ELEMENTS OF NEWTON, where Emile worked out the pull of gravity on Saturn.

EMILIE

I used calculus to determine how gravity would feel on that planet.

VOLTAIRE

Her calculations filled pages and boggled my mind.

EMILIE

The book is under Voltaire's name...but dedicated to me.

VOLTAIRE

You were thrilled by the dedication I wrote.

EMILIE

I was....

VOLTAIRE

(Beat) I think that is all you need to know about us?

EMILIE

I think there is one important detail that must be discussed. Don't you think?

VOLTAIRE

Oh that? They don't need to know that.

EMILIE

Yes they do. (Beat) We are dead. Dead and gone.

VOLTAIRE

I am not gone! I am the father of the Enlightenment. None of you would be sitting here as comfortably challenged and freely aware as you are if it wasn't for me?

EMILIE

We do take you for granted sometimes, don't we?

VOLTAIRE

The Declaration of Independence, the basis of your American Constitution grew from the seed of my thinking.

EMILIE

“I do not agree with what you have to say, but I’ll defend to the death your right to say it”

VOLTAIRE

That famous line...I wrote that!

EMILIE

Voltaire, do any of these people know about my work?

VOLTAIRE

Your French translation of Newton’s Principia was discovered and published under your name ten years after your death. And I wrote a dedication “Her memory is treasured by all who knew her intimately, and who were capable of perceiving the breadth of her mind.”

EMILIE

(Touched) Merci, mon cher.

(EMILIE kisses VOLTAIRE)

EMILIE

We’ve been dead for a long time, haven’t we?

VOLTAIRE

Oh, not that long.

EMILIE

If my calculations are correct, I died two hundred and sixty years ago.

VOLTAIRE

She was always better with numbers.

ACT I: SCENE IV

MILLIE, PETER, OLIVIA

MILLIE

Hi. I'm Millie

PETER

Thank you for meeting with us. I'm Peter.

OLIVIA

I'm Olivia. I like your hat.

MILLIE

I made it.

OLIVIA

It's stellar

MILLIE

You're the astrophysicist.

OLIVIA

Most people assume Peter is the scientist.

MILLIE

I don't understand what you do. But I think it must be amazingly amazing.

OLIVIA

I used to study dark matter. But I got tired of trying to know the unknowable. Now, I study the formation of planets.

MILLIE

The formation of planets. Wow!

PETER

Olivia is a tenured scientist at the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism at the Isaac Newton Institute. The first and only woman to have a tenured senior science position there.

MILLIE

And you are the teacher?

PETER

Yes, I teach elementary school. You work at the library.

MILLIE
I like books.

PETER
I do too.

MILLIE
But I'm not a librarian. You need a degree in library sciences to be a librarian. I'm still un-degreed.

PETER
So what do they call you at work?

MILLIE
Millie, the book stacker. So you want to have a baby.

OLIVIA
You're direct. I like that.

PETER
Yes. We want to have a baby.

OLIVIA
We always assumed a baby would come. But we got so busy.

PETER
Olivia's work is very demanding.

OLIVIA
Stars can be that way sometimes. And Peter...well helping to build a charter school...raising money...doing educational research. It's also a demanding job

PETER
Fulfilling

OLIVIA
Yes, fulfilling. We love our work. But suddenly I was almost forty.

PETER
How did we get to forty so fast?

OLIVIA
I feel young.

PETER
You look young.

OLIVIA
Thanks. But a body doesn't lie. We tried to get pregnant. And nothing happened.

PETER
We got tested.

OLIVIA
It turned out Peter had a low sperm count.

PETER
Not a low sperm count...a lower than average...

OLIVIA
Sorry a lower than average sperm count. But that wasn't the problem.
The problem was me.

PETER
It wasn't you. It was the Cancer.

OLIVIA
Late stage ovarian cancer.

MILLIE
Oh dear.

PETER
It was terrible

OLIVIA
I think it was almost worse for you than for me. Peter took very good care of me.

PETER
I was worried sick. I screamed. I cried. I prayed.

OLIVIA
I just focused.

PETER
You have to be focused to survive late stage ovarian cancer.

MILLIE
Focused...and very lucky.

OLIVIA

I've been in remission for a year.

PETER

And she, we want to start where we stopped.

OLIVIA

Although clearly, I can not be part of it,

(Pause)

MILLIE

But I can. (beat) Anyway, here are the medical forms you requested. And the background check from the police station. I was hoping you would call. So I prepared.

OLIVIA

Your essay was beautiful.

MILLIE

Thank you.

Anyway, I brought some things from my scrap book. So you can get to know me and my family a little. To help you with your choice.

PETER

This is great.

MILLIE

This is my brother Lewis. He is twenty three, and two years older than me. He has a degree in computer science. He started a little IT company out of our Mother's house.

OLIVIA

He is very handsome!

MILLIE

And he has no idea. Here is a book report I wrote in 5th grade. I thought you might both like it.

PETER

A book report on Jack London's TO BUILD A FIRE by Emilia Montenaro.

MILLIE

Everyone calls me Mille, except my Mom.

PETER

"It is dumb to build a fire under a branch of ice. Everyone knows that fire is heat, light, oxygen and carbon monoxide. And ice is crystallized water sensitive to heat. Everyone except the stupid cold hunter. The end."

OLIVIA

A nice English Science mix.

MILLIE

And this is a picture of my Dad. He was a pilot; he flew off with a stewardess when I was three.

OLIVIA

Montenaro. He doesn't look Italian.

MILLIE

Montenaro is my Mom's family name. And this is my Mom.

OLIVIA

She's beautiful, like you.

MILLIE

Thank you.

PETER

She's so young.

MILLIE

Forty-four

OLIVIA

What does she do?

MILLIE

She died a year ago.

OLIVIA

Oh, I'm sorry.

MILLIE

She was caught in a storm and hit by lightning.

OLIVIA

That's horrible.

MILLIE

It turns out that lightning is the natural force that kills the most people per year in the US.

PETER

I didn't know that

OLIVIA

Our telescope gets hit by lightning hundreds of time a year.

MILLIE

Lewis was living at home with her when this all happened and I left school to help him with everything. We inherited the house and all that comes with that.

PETER

You are going to go back to school, aren't you?

MILLIE

Yes! (Beat) But not back to college. I want to go to another school.

PETER

Another school?

MILLIE

There's a fashion design school...in Paris.

PETER

Paris!

MILLIE

They take ten students a year...and...

OLIVIA

You are one of them.

MILLIE

Imagine... me designing hats in Paris!

OLIVIA

Sounds like happiness.

PETER

And that's why you want to do this?

MILLIE

I've been thinking about this for a long time. I could help you, I could help myself, I could have your baby. I'm not ready to be a mother...but I am curious about being pregnant. I mean...a nine month investment could change the world...for all of us. Life is short. I want to do something that matters.

OLIVIA

I like you.

MILLIE

I like you too.

OLIVIA

If we decide to move ahead with the plan, then we must establish that you are entering this agreement of your own free will for a total fee of \$28 thousand dollars.

PETER

And as the biological mother to this child, the state of New Jersey recognizes your absolute right to refuse to give up the baby at birth.

MILLIE

But I would be having this baby for you.

OLIVIA

Millie, do you think you could turn me into a mother?

MILLIE

No, but your baby will turn you into a mother. And I will help you have your baby.
(OLIVIA sighs)

I am interviewing five other couples. But I want you to be the parents.

PETER and OLIVIA

You do?

MILLIE

I know I don't fit the perfect profile of a "preferred surrogate mother."
I'm not married. I don't have kids. I don't have a full college education.

OLIVIA

Yes.

MILLIE

I've suffered the loss of my mother.

PETER

Yes.

MILLIE

But I'm smart.

OLIVIA

Yes.

MILLIE
And I'm healthy.

PETER
Yes.

MILLIE
And you like me.

PETER and OLIVIA
Yes.

PETER
We still have 6 interviews set up.

OLIVIA
What shall we do?

MILLIE
It's a big decision. Whoever you choose, her egg will become half of your child.
You have to be meticulous ...and rational...and careful.
So interview all the preferred fertile women you want.
And then: choose me.

ACT I: SCENE V

ST LAMBERT AND EMILIE (Walking outside)

EMILIE

I have missed you, Jean Francois.

ST. LAMBERT

And I you.

EMILIE

So the King is pleased with your poetry?

ST LAMBERT

He and the queen are charmed.

EMILIE

They are not the only ones.

ST. LAMBERT

Yes...in fact, I had to beg his royal highness to have this time with you. He was resistant but I insisted.

EMILIE

You can be very persuasive.

ST.LAMBERT

But I must return to Paris tomorrow.

EMILIE

Tomorrow...but it's a day's journey and you just arrived.

ST. LAMBERT

I know. But the gardens of Versailles are in full bloom and the King does not want me to miss a moment of inspiration in capturing their beauty in verse.

EMILIE

I thought you would be staying until the end of the month.

ST. LAMBERT

My sole consolation is that your beauty blossoms every season, petals like yours never die.

EMILIE

But only one night!

ST LAMBERT

And so much can happen in one night...unless of course Voltaire is planning on interrupting us again.

EMILIE

He is in rehearsal. He is punishing me by banning me from his play and having my daughter Pauline read all the female roles aloud.

ST. LAMBERT

Good...so I can cast you all to myself.

EMILIE

I thought we would have more time together

(He starts to kiss her arm).

EMILIE

Oh Jean-François...Please...

ST.LAMBERT

To please is my command.

EMILIE

I have something that I must discuss with you now...

ST. LAMBERT

What should we discuss? Your wrist? Your arm? Your neck?

EMILIE

Jean-François, I am expecting.

ST. LAMBERT

Expecting?

EMILIE

I'm with child

ST. LAMBERT

I can't believe it.

EMILIE

Believe me, neither can I.

ST. LAMBERT

You are forty-two years old!

EMILIE

I know.

St. LAMBERT

I thought...

EMILIE

I didn't think...

ST. LAMBERT

And yet...

EMILIE

Yes! You would think that by now...I would know better and...

ST. LAMBERT

And yet you are certain?

EMILIE

I'm afraid so. I am expecting your baby.

ST. LAMBERT

It's a miracle!

EMILIE

A miracle?

ST LAMBERT

Yes!

EMILIE

You are pleased?

ST. LAMBERT

Of course. You are having my child. Maybe a son!

EMILIE

Perhaps it will be a boy.

ST LAMBERT

Maybe he will look like me!

EMILIE

Perhaps he will.

ST. LAMBERT

This is so thrilling! A part of me is growing inside of you. Maybe our son will be a poet!

EMILIE

Or our daughter a scientist!

ST LAMBERT

I've never seen a woman look more beautiful than you do now. Your breasts are full, your face is glowing. (He kisses her) You have made me a very happy man.

EMILIE

Oh, Jean-François, this is madness!

ST. LAMBERT

But I love you. I love you. (He kisses her all over)

EMILIE

Please! Listen!

ST LAMBERT

You are so beautiful.

EMILIE

My condition presents certain difficulties.

ST.LAMBERT

Marquis du Châtelet and Monsieur Voltaire cannot deny what we have.

EMILIE

Having a baby now...

ST. LAMBERT

Is a gift from God! We have created a new soul for the world and nothing else matters. So trust the heavens and embrace fate. All is in the hands of providence.

EMILIE

Providence.

ST. LAMBERT

All is for the best, is it not?

EMILIE

Yes. All is for the best in this best of possible worlds.

(Enter VOLTAIRE and PAULINE)

PAULINE
Bonsoir Maman. St Lambert

ST. LAMBERT
Bonsoir!

EMILIE
Bonsoir Pauline, Voltaire

ST LAMBERT
Mademoiselle. Monsieur Voltaire

PAULINE
Are we interrupting you?

ST LAMBERT
No. No. Please join us, we were just talking.

VOLTAIRE
About what?

EMILIE
How was rehearsal, my dear Pauline?

PAULINE
Splendid!

ST. LAMBERT
Emilie tells me you are working on an extraordinary play.

VOLTAIRE
How does she know it is extraordinary if she hasn't been allowed to read it?

ST. LAMBERT
Ah, but she knows you, Monsieur.

PAULINE
I am making all the costumes.

EMILIE
Again?

PAULINE
Maman, it's the best part!

VOLTAIRE

The best part? Oh really?

EMILIE

The best part, Pauline, is your role, I'm sure.

PAULINE

Voltaire has me reading the part of an aristocrat's wife who is unjustly punished and transformed into a mouse by a foolish King

ST. LAMBERT

Unjustly punished by a foolish King?

EMILIE

Really Voltaire...is this wise?

VOLTAIRE

Wise no, true yes.

EMILIE

Voltaire, are you looking to be banished?

VOLTAIRE

Pauline, she's really quite talented.

PAULINE

Although if you ask me...being a free mouse is a better fortune than being a foolish man's wife.

VOLTAIRE

And there lies the comedy and the tragedy.

ST. LAMBERT

Most young girls I know are thrilled at the prospect of marriage.

EMILIE

Not Pauline.

PAULINE

Maman has promised to take me to the salons of Paris when I'm sixteen. And when I am eighteen, Maman will demand that the Sorbonne accept both of us as students.

ST. LAMBERT

You two will be the fall of men. Your beauties will distract the boys from their studies.

PAULINE

Well, then the boys shouldn't look at us.

EMILIE

Indeed. Pauline, just make sure you don't neglect your calculus.

VOLTAIRE

We must continue with our rehearsal. I am looking for a talking pig. Perhaps St. Lambert would like to play the role?

ST LAMBERT

Chewing your words is always a worthy meal...but I am afraid that I shall be returning to Paris.

VOLTAIRE

But you just got here. Emilie has been looking forward to your visit.

EMILIE

You heard him, Voltaire, Jean-François has important duties.

ST. LAMBERT

I am writing poems on the King's flowers.

VOLTAIRE

Ahh, tending another man's garden, I see.

EMILIE

Voltaire misses reciting his poetry at Court more than he cares to admit.

VOLTAIRE

It's their loss; The King said I was the best poet of the century.

EMILIE

Voltaire has a need to be admired by the very people he despises.

VOLTAIRE

Why yes, even St. Lambert likes my plays.

PAULINE

Maman, you look pale...do you feel all right?

EMILIE

I couldn't feel better, I'm fine, my dear. Perfect, really (Cleary she is going to throw up. She exits)

PAULINE
I will see to, Maman.
(PAULINE exits.)

ST. LAMBERT
Perhaps the supper disagreed with her.

VOLTAIRE
Or the puppy.

ST. LAMBERT
I am not a puppy.

VOLTAIRE
I would stay and debate that, but I must find another pig for my play.

ACT I: SCENE VIII

(OLIVIA talks to the Board of directors and patrons of the Institute)

OLIVIA

Thank you Tom, for the lovely introduction. I should attend these dinners more often! Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, members of the board, patrons, and trustees of the Isaac Newton Institute. My name is Dr. Olivia Hasting Brown, and I am Senior Astrophysicist and Tenured Fellow in the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism.

Would you like to see a picture of my baby?

(THE ROOM DARKENS. An image of a tiny dot or planet with gaseous particles)

What you are seeing might be the embryonic core of a planet. We don't know conclusively. We must and will continue to examine the data. But, I hope what we see is what I think it is.

I have already named her Vega B.

So what do we know? Until the 1990's the only planets we knew were those in our solar system. Since then, our telescopes have gotten so powerful, we have now identified over 350 worlds outside of our solar system.

And now I think we have just discovered our youngest planet yet.

So how was my embryonic planet Vega B created?

We know that planets are formed either from the debris of the birth of a new star or from the remains of a star that is dying. The "baby" planets spin, collide and coalesce over time, their gravity pulling debris to their core, spinning and growing, taking millions and millions of years

But I think my Vega B is following a very different path. I think a sudden gravitational collapse will allow her to obtain her planetary shape in a fraction of the time of other planets. My critics say that the turbulent winds created by the collapse will blow my fledgling planet away. But I hope, and believe, that the hurricane-like storms surrounding Vega-B will protect her and form a calm eye at the center that will allow the embryonic planet to accumulate debris and grow, despite the chaos around her.

I think there is more than one way to make a planet.

If I'm right and my embryo Vega B matures and condenses, she will become a real planet that might be fourteen times the size of Jupiter. Boy! That's a big planet!

I can't wait to see her grow up.

ACT I: SCENE VII: New Jersey, Now

(MILLIE is pinning LEWIS pants. She is two months pregnant)

LEWIS

What do you mean you're pregnant?

MILLIE

Careful, Lewis, or I'm going to prick you.

LEWIS

Pregnant? Really?

MILLIE

Yes. You have to stand still or the cuffs will be uneven and your date will be ruined.

LEWIS

Ruining my date? What about ruining your life?

MILLIE

Do you know how long it's taken me to make this for you?

LEWIS

Don't we have enough problems? Mom's dead. My college loans. Your college loans. The possible foreclosure. And now, the leaky roof. (PAUSE) What are you going to do?

MILLIE

Do? Oh, I'm going to have it. Stand straight.

LEWIS

How can you have a boyfriend I don't know about?

MILLIE

I don't.

LEWIS

Is this some random hook-up in the aisles of the supermarket or something?

MILLIE

No.

LEWIS

Then, who is the father?

MILLIE

Peter. And his wife, Olivia is going to be the Mother.

LEWIS

What? Who? Ouch!

MILLIE

You know that brilliant couple I told you about? Remember? I told you I wanted to help them.

LEWIS

The couple from Princeton? I thought you were going to be picking up their mail, and watering their plants.

MILLIE

I'm having their baby. I am a surrogate mother.

LEWIS

Did you have sex with this Peter guy?

MILLIE

No! It was by artificial insemination.

PETER

What?

MILLIE

It's my egg and Peter's sperm.

LEWIS

Where did you get such an idea?

MILLIE

At my local library.

LEWIS

Millie, what in the world have you gotten yourself mixed up in?

MILLIE

Lewis, it's all above board. They're paying me. There's a contract and a schedule.

LEWIS

They're paying you? They're buying your baby?

MILLIE

No, I'm being compensated for nine months of service.

LEWIS

Why are you doing this?

MILLIE

Lewis, we are \$35,000 in debt and the bank is about to foreclose on our house. We can't work more than we do. We are about to lose everything. I had to do something.

LEWIS

You are having a baby to save us from losing our home?

MILLIE

I didn't tell Peter and Olivia that...It sounds unhealthy and desperate.

LEWIS

Yeah (duh)! What did you tell them?

MILLIE

Turn around. They think they are helping me fulfill my life long dream of going to Paris

LEWIS

Paris? What would you possibly do in Paris?

MILLIE

Go to fashion design school.

LEWIS

And do what?

MILLIE

Design clothes?

LEWIS

At some expensive fancy pants Fashion School in Paris?

MILLIE

It's not called that. But yes.

LEWIS

And they believed you?

MILLIE

Yes.

LEWIS

Why Paris?

MILLIE

It's supposed to be so beautiful.

LEWIS

New Jersey is beautiful. It's the Garden State, for crying out loud. And we live in Maplewood which is very close to Mont Clair...and that's French enough if you ask me.

MILLIE

Lewis, calm down, I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying here and we are saving the house.

LEWIS

By giving away your baby? Ohmigod! Ohmigod! Omigod!

MILLIE

Who stood by me when I painted my hair green in ninth grade?

LEWIS

I did.

MILLIE

Who ate all me servings of bacon when I went through your pigs-are-too-smart-to-be-eaten stage?

LEWIS

I did.

MILLIE

Who wore a dark purple tuxedo shirt I made for his prom!

LEWIS

I did.

MILLIE

And you looked amazingly amazing.

LEWIS

I can't stand by you on this.

MILLIE

Why?

LEWIS

You are giving away our flesh and blood. I am that baby's uncle. He's my nephew. It's our family DNA,

MILLIE

I know you and all your college buddies donated sperm for beer money.

LEWIS

It's not the same.

MILLIE

Oh really?

LEWIS

It's different for girls! You get, you know, pregnant. I'm your big brother. I am supposed to protect you.

MILLIE

From what?

LEWIS

From yourself, apparently.

MILLIE

I am very proud of what I am doing. This baby wouldn't exist without Peter and Olivia. They conceived this idea that will become a person! They are an amazingly amazing couple. Who need me. And they don't know but we need them.

LEWIS

There are three laws of the universe: Pay your taxes. Wear a seatbelt. Keep your kin.

MILLIE

They chose me...because they liked me...because they saw a spark in me that they hope they will see in the eyes of their child. And why you don't think that's a tribute to Mom and us is beyond me.

LEWIS

Mom would be so mad!

MILLIE

Mom said we should always do something that matters.

LEWIS

They chose you because you are bright, sweet and trusting and ...very blind when it comes to things like this.

MILLIE

Blind?

(LEWIS TAKES OFF HIS GLASSES and sets them up on a table or mantle)

LEWIS

You don't see the world as it really is! You and that baby are the only relatives I have left in this world. You are my only family. And without family, what are we? Nothing.

(LEWIS rips his suit off at the seams.Exasperated he exits)

MILLIE

I'm doing this to for us. Lewis, don't you see? I'm doing this for our family!

ACT I: SCENE IX- France 1700's

(VOLTAIRE is searching for something. EMILIE is daydreaming at her desk. She is four months pregnant)

EMILIE

They are right here, on the chair.

VOLTAIRE

Oh.

(VOLTAIRE puts on the Lewis glasses)

EMILIE

Am I right?

VOLTAIRE

I hate women because they always know where things are.

(VOLTAIRE comes and oversees her work)

EMILIE

I'm trying to settle accounts and pay bills. But I am having trouble concentrating.

VOLTAIRE

That's because your breasts are growing.

EMILIE

You have a vivid imagination, my dear.

VOLTAIRE

Your breasts are growing.

EMILIE

Your ability to measure is something I question.

VOLTAIRE

That was uncalled for.

EMILIE

I apologize.

VOLTAIRE

You know that was a humiliating episode in our history.

EMILIE

All you have accomplished and this still bothers you?

VOLTAIRE

You should have told me you were performing your OWN calculations at night.

EMILIE

I didn't think it would matter. And did I not spend all day with you, helping you in your scientific quest?

VOLTAIRE

It makes me ill just thinking about it.

EMILIE

I tried to tell you that your measurements were off!

VOLTAIRE

I KNOW! You could have told me that you were entering the same science competition as me!

EMILIE

I didn't know my experiment would work.

VOLTAIRE

Everyone knows you should have won the Academie's Science Prize.

EMILIE

I was happy with my commendation.

VOLTAIRE

I wasn't. I wanted to win.

EMILIE

Well, our expectations are very different, aren't they?

VOLTAIRE

What is wrong with you? You are fierce and savage tonight.

EMILIE

Forgive me, I am tired.

VOLTAIRE

But your books are all stacked carefully; you haven't touched your telescope in days.

EMILIE

I've been paying bills, and the drapes and curtains need to be replaced, and the cook is late, and the horse fodder is low. If I were a man I'd...just get rid of all the useless things in my life

VOLTAIRE
Are you with child?

EMILIE
What?

VOLTAIRE
It's no longer a question. You are with child!

EMILIE
Judge a man by his questions, you always say.

VOLTAIRE
You are 42 years old!

EMILIE
Is that a question or a statement?

VOLTAIRE
Do not walk away from me! Emilie, look at me.

EMILIE
I can't.

VOLTAIRE
You and I were lovers for more than a decade; not once did we jeopardize your health.

EMILIE
I know.

VOLTAIRE
You were bed-ridden for months after birthing your son. And it's a miracle you survived the birth of Pauline.

EMILIE
I know.

VOLTAIRE
Does Saint-Lambert know what you are risking?

EMILIE
No.

VOLTAIRE
I see.

EMILIE

I must ask my husband to leave his post and spend time with me. The child must at least appear to be his.

VOLTAIRE

I am sure he will be amenable.

EMILIE

Voltaire, I'm afraid.

VOLTAIRE

No. You are fearless, remember?

EMILIE

I will die in childbirth.

VOLTAIRE

Don't say that.

EMILIE

There is so much I want to do.

VOLTAIRE

(Beat) I have heard there are ways...to provoke the bleeding. We should go to Paris tonight.

EMILIE

No.

VOLTAIRE

It might be your chance to live.

EMILIE

Or my chance to die sooner. Voltaire, I'm not prepared to die by tomorrow

VOLTAIRE

The odds are better than child birth. It might be a risk worth taking.

EMILIE

Jean François called my pregnancy a miracle.

VOLTAIRE

Jean-François is a foolish boy, blind to the consequences of his actions.

EMILIE

I've started to have dreams about the baby.

VOLTAIRE

Emilie, be rational. This child could be the end of you.

EMILIE

I dreamt that this one would be a scientist, just like me.

VOLTAIRE

Stop.

EMILIE

And she will discover the secret of the skies and change the world.

VOLTAIRE

Emilie, I always thought it was you who would do that.

(Beat)

EMILIE

I better get to work then. I have less than five months to do everything I need to do.

ACT I: SCENE X

AT THE WAITING ROOM OF A DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

(PETER AND MILLIE look at a picture. MILLIE is about 12 weeks pregnant)

PETER

(Wiping his eyes) I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me in there.

MILLIE

Crying is a very normal thing.

PETER

I mean, I knew there was a baby because well, your belly. But seeing it. Hearing it. It just became so real.

MILLIE

Very real

PETER (looks at the photo)

He kind of looks like an alien, doesn't he?

MILLIE

I think he has your nose.

PETER

It could be a she.

MILLIE

She might have your nose.

PETER

Do I have an alien nose?

MILLIE

I don't know. I've never seen an alien. But this is amazingly amazing.

(OLIVIA runs in)

OLIVIA

Sorry. Sorry! I didn't mean to keep you waiting.

PETER

Olivia.

OLIVIA

Simply a crazed day at the lab. Some of the exponential numbers are not producing the results we were hoping; the color seems to be shifting, which could mean a drastic temperature change and the Mariah Mitchell Observatory is suddenly not as available. We might have to go to Hawaii to get use of the equipment there...is everything all right?

MILLIE

Oh yes.

OLIVIA

Great!...OK...so are we ready to go in and meet this baby?

(BEAT)

PETER

We already did.

OLIVIA

You already did? You saw the baby already?

MILLIE

The appointment was an hour ago.

OLIVIA

I really didn't mean to be so late again.

MILLIE

We really tried to wait.

OLIVIA

The team meeting went on and on. And I lost track of time...

MILLIE

That happens.

PETER

This was the sonogram, Olivia! The baby's first sonogram.

OLIVIA

I know.

PETER

Olivia, you have to do better. You have to focus on this. Now.

OLIVIA

Right. You're right. I promise, No matter what is happening in the universe, to never ever to be late again. I'm just trying to get as much work out of the way before the baby comes. Peter, Millie, I'm very sorry, Really. Nobody is more upset than me to have missed all this.

MILLIE

Look at the picture.

OLIVIA

Oh...well...so ...there really is a baby. A baby. (Beat) An alien baby.

MILLIE

If you hold it like that...and squint, see? That's his eyes and his mouth and his nose. I think he has Peter's nose.

OLIVIA

So is he... a little boy?

MILLIE

We don't know. It's too early. But I can't wait to find out.

OLIVIA

No. Let's be old fashioned and not know.

PETER

What?

MILLIE

You aren't... curious?

PETER

I thought we agreed we were going to find out. So we could say her or him instead of it? Talk about names?

OLIVIA

Agnes for my grandmother. George, after your father. Right?

PETER

You don't want to know? You? When it's knowable?

OLIVIA

No. I don't want to know.

(PETER starts to talk)

MILLIE

We will all find out soon enough, right?

PETER

Right.

OLIVIA

How did it feel? I want to know details.

MILLIE

They put this cold clear jelly on my belly ...and then they turned on the sonogram and stirred the stick and voilá. We could suddenly see inside.

OLIVIA

And how do you feel?

MILLIE

Really happy and a little scared.

PETER

We heard his heart beat.

OLIVIA

You did? How did it sound?

MILLIE

Loud. Fast.Alive.

OLIVIA

That's wonderful.

PETER

You'll hear it. Next time-

OLIVIA

Yes of course...next time.

MILLIE

Yes.

(Beat. Everyone starts to leave)

OLIVIA

I really like your jacket.

MILLIE

Thank you. I made it.

OLIVIA

Here. (OLIVIA hands Millie the picture)

MILLIE

Olivia...that's yours.

OLIVIA

Oh yes. Right. Mine. Thanks. The picture of the baby...my baby.

ACT I: SCENE VI- France 1700's

(VOLTAIRE walks across the stage. He pulls out an apple...he is about to eat it. But he sees the audience).

VOLTAIRE

I know what you are thinking! I know what you are thinking! You feel betrayed by the Voltaire you know and love. You look at me and think "Oh-la-la, I thought the story about Isaac Newton and the apple was true. And now you might feel a little deceived. First, because you didn't know that story had anything to do with me. Second, because now you suspect I made it up."

I will tell you this:

(UN) I did meet/see Sir Isaac Newton in England.

(DEUX) There is an apple tree not too far from his house.

Newton's mathematical work proves that this is a rational universe that functions like clockwork. That for every action there is always an opposed and equal reaction; that an unmoving object won't move unless a force acts upon it; and that an object that is in motion will not stop unless a force acts upon it. He shows that the same force that works on a falling object on Earth, keeps the moon in orbit. And that the moon's gravity pulls our ocean tides. Newton proves that everything is connected...not by the superstitious beliefs of the Church or the unjust laws of the State or the cruel tyranny of the King...but by rational scientific cause and effect.

Everything is Cause and Effect.

"Nothing will change unless a force acts upon it"

His equations are not just equations for understanding the Universe, they offer a rational design for changing our world for the better. By understanding cause and effect, we suddenly have the light to see past BLIND fate and find the will to change our lives.

So! Perhaps I took a little poetic license! Peut- être the story about the apple is something I made up. But don't you see? I want the reach of Newton's ideas to be as simple and as common as an apple.

(VOLTAIRE bites or is about to bite into the apple when Mons. du Châtelet walks on carrying a package).

MONS. CHÂTELET

Monsieur Voltaire!

VOLTAIRE

Marquis du Châtelet!

(The warmly shake hands)

MONS. CHÂTELET

I am pleased to see you.

VOLTAIRE

I know your wife appreciates your help and understanding.

MONS CHÂTELET

Is Emilie in the house?

VOLTAIRE

Yes, with Pauline.

MON CHÂTELET

How is she feeling?

VOLTAIRE

She's working.

MON CHÂTELET

As always, that Emilie. I have a wonderful surprise for my daughter.

VOLTAIRE

Pauline will be thrilled to see you.

CHÂTELET

Enjoy your apple!

(VOLTAIRE AND M. CHÂTELET walk offstage in (opposite) directions.)

.

ACT I: SCENE XII

(EMILIE is five months pregnant)

PAULINE

Papa! Maman! Maman! Papa is here! And he has brought a package!

(M. DU CHÂTELET enters with a large package)

EMILIE

Florent!

CHÂTELET

Emilie!

(They kiss each others cheeks)

EMILIE

Thank you for coming so promptly.

CHÂTELET

I've been gone from home too long.

EMILIE

Is all well with you?

CHÂTELET

It's you I worry about.

EMILIE

I feel fine. I'm still working.

CHÂTELET

And what captivates the mind of Emilie these days?

EMILIE

I am translating Newton's geometry into calculus.

CHÂTELET

Good God? Why?

EMILIE

Because I think it will help clarify his ideas...and my questions.

CHÂTELET

Isaac Newton. Isaac Newton. You and Voltaire and that Isaac Newton. If you ask me, I think it's quite obvious that apples fall out of trees...that things that go up, come down.

PAULINE

Yes, how else would we make an apple tart?

EMILIE

Apples don't fall because they are apples. Pauline, haven't you done any of the calculus problems I gave you?

PAULINE

Oh, Maman, I've been too preoccupied with the pig costume.

CHÂTELET

The pig costume?

PAULINE

For Voltaire's play. Papa, you'll love it.

(She pulls out the pig hat from the same cloth bag Olivia has)

See the ears? I attached string so they wiggle.

(CHÂTELET Laughs)

EMILIE

I spent a lot of time preparing those lessons for you.

PAULINE

Maman, they are just numbers, and numbers, will always be around. They are infinite.

CHÂTELET

Pauline! Pauline! Pauline! (Still amused by her)

PAULINE

Papa, what is in the package?

PAPA

A gift for you.

PAULINE

Maman, did you hear? It's a gift for me. For me!

EMILIE

Pauline...

PAULINE
Can I open it?

CHÂTELET
Yes!

EMILIE
No!

PAULINE
(Beat) Why?

EMILIE
I prefer she not know about that package, just yet.

CHÂTELET
But she'll love it.

PAULINE
Oh! And I can't unknow what I know. It's there, isn't it? I see it.
What is in it?

CHÂTELET
Open it, my little one. And find out.

(Beautiful, beautiful cloth)

PAULINE
Oh Papa. Thank you! It's exquisite.

CHÂTELET
It's silk. The finest. Your mother told me that this was your favorite color.

PAULINE
It is! Look, Maman. Each strand is colored yet translucent. So much work. Feel it! Look at the weave...like stars.

EMILIE
I've never thought of cloth like that.

PAULINE
Thank you. Thank you. I'm almost afraid to cut it. But I have something I want to make. I've designed a bodice for Maman since she's getting so big. It ties under the belly.

EMILIE
Do not make anything for me. Not for me.

PAULINE

I know! I can make a dressing gown for the baby!

CHÂTELET

Pauline, I brought it just for you.

PAULINE

For me? Oh! What should I make with it?

EMILIE

Your wedding dress.

(Beat)

PAULINE

NO! Maman...No!

EMILIE

Pauline.

PAULINE

You promised Paris, and the University-

EMILIE

I know....

CHÂTELET

Many young women marry at 15. This is not a terrible thing. You will thank us.

PAULINE

No! No! Voltaire will stop you! Voltaire!

VOLTAIRE

What is it?

PAULINE

Help me. It's Maman and Papa. They are making me marry.

VOLTAIRE

But you are too young. And too bright. And your mother promised-

EMILIE

Duke Fabio has accepted Marquis du Châtelet's dowry offer.

PAULINE
Duke Fabio!

VOLTAIRE
That old Italian who snored during my discourse on the Church and taxes?

EMILIE
He is kind...he is decent.

PAULINE
Duke Fabio is old. He has a sunken chest and no neck.

CHÂTELET
The Duke is a fine nobleman. He is a blood relation to the Pope. He owns a beautiful estate in Tuscany. You will want for nothing.

PAULINE
No! No! No! Maman, I don't want to live in Italy.

VOLTAIRE
Marriage is the only adventure open to the cowardly

EMILIE
Voltaire, what do you know about marriage?

CHÂTELET
You are not a father. You cannot possibly understand!

EMILIE
Pauline if something should happen to me.

PAULINE
Papa-

CHÂTELET
I cannot bring a young girl to the barracks or a battlefield.

PAULINE
I could live with Voltaire! He has known me all my life!

VOLTAIRE
She could.

CHÂTELET
You have as many enemies as you have friends. If she lived here with you...

EMILIE

Tongues would wag. She would never be able to marry.

PAULINE

I never want to marry!

CHÂTELET

Fortunately, that is not for you to decide.

PAULINE

Voltaire, tell Maman this whole thing is ridiculous. Reason with her.

VOLTAIRE

It is ridiculous! And also, I'm afraid, true.

PAULINE

This is not fair.

CHÂTELET

This is the world we live in.

EMILIE

Pauline...please...you must marry the Duke.

PAULINE

You promised!

EMILIE

Pauline, all is for the best in this best of possible worlds.

PAULINE

Maman.

EMILIE

You must believe me. You must trust me.

PAULINE

A good mother should not harm her children

EMILIE

A good mother must prepare her children for the world.

PAULINE

One where mothers betray their daughters?

VOLTAIRE

Pauline-

PAULINE
I am your child!

CHÂTELET
Yes, (Kisses her forehead) and, it's now time for you to grow up.

(He exits)

PAULINE
Tell me, Maman, why do apples fall?

(EMILIE picks up and hands her the cloth)

I thought it was going to be different for me. I am your daughter.

EMILIE
Everything changes (she strokes PAULINE's cheek) but you will always be my daughter.

(EMILIE exits)

PAULINE
But why do apples fall? I'll listen this time, I promise.

(VOLTAIRE consoles PAULINE in a parental way...maybe stroking her hair)

VOLTAIRE
Apples do not fall, Pauline. They are dragged down to the ground by a force.

(LIGHTS down on PAULINE and VOLTAIRE. We watch a frantic OLIVIA, walk rush down the stage. She is reading WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN YOU ARE EXPECTING and devouring an apple, as her papers and pen falls. She scoops to pick them up, and continues at a fast pace, and finds the two pictures...one of the baby and one of her planet. She looks at them both).

ACT I: SCENE XI

EMILIE

The experiment...my first experiment started with light. Voltaire was entering a paper in the Science Academy Competition to discover the essence of fire. My role was to help him. He focused on heat. All day, I watched him measure the heat of metals, incorrectly, as it turned out. But at night, I would sit in the darkness...and think about another property of fire: light. Light...the properties of light.

Light comes from the sun at a terrific speed...faster and with more force than a cannon ball. In fact when I sat down with my calculations, I concluded light must travel millions of meters per second. And yet, it does not destroy the Earth. All authorities at the time assumed that light had solid weight...but upon reflection, I realized that was impossible. The earth would not survive the pelting of light. If light had weight, it would destroy all life on the planet.

My conclusion: Light has no mass.
If light has no mass, then how does it heat?

(A rainbow appears)

Through its colors.

I set up thermometers side by side on the wall and I let a prism-burst-of-light shine on them to measure the heat of the different colors. As I watched the colors move across the thermometers, I discovered that the temperatures fluctuated with different colors. Then, I saw that the thermometer which had been recording the red part of the rainbow, that its temperature did not go down even though there was no light I could see shining on it. It was as if an invisible light, a color we could not see, was heating it.

Perhaps different colors carry different amounts of heat.
Perhaps there are more types of light beams than we can see with the naked eye.

Light we see heats and burns.
And strangely enough, the light we cannot see does the same.
It heats and burns—just like love.
(beat and discovery)

Is it possible that Light and Love share the same properties? They must!
Love burns; different types of love carry different amounts of heat. And although we cannot see it, smell it, or touch it, we can feel love. It glows.
Love does not have weight! Love has no mass!
Otherwise, how would our souls survive the pelting?

(We see OLIVIA looking at the two pictures and PAULINE touching the material for her wedding dress) END OF ACT I

ACT II SCENE I

OLIVIA

(A school lecture)

Hello Senior Girl Scout Troup 321 of Mont Clair, New Jersey! My name is Doctor Olivia Hasting Brown.

I am an astrophysicist.

My life's work is to study the universe.

For the next ninety minutes I will be giving you an overview of my work that will hopefully inspire bright young ladies as yourself to consider science as an exciting career path. Ready?

(She looks at her watch and realizes she is in trouble)

Oh. I'm sorry, I'm so so sorry. I just now realized that I have a doctor's appointment scheduled in half an hour. And I really cannot be late. Really. I can't be late.

So instead of ninety minutes, I will give you a lecture that lasts 2 minutes...and at the end of the two minutes, you will know almost as much as I do.

Ready?

Let's start 400 years ago, with the invention of the telescope. Where once we were blind, we could now see...and extend our vision up into the heavens...and to the worlds beyond our own. Galileo, the father of astronomy and modern science, declares the universe is written in the language of mathematics. Then Sir Isaac Newton drops an apple, and infers that the same force that pulls the apple down to the earth, moves the planets, and describes a mechanical universe that runs as prim as a Puritan on a bicycle. Enter the Enlightenment, and an obscure female scientist Emilie du Chatelet throws a wrench in Newton's prim bicycle when she discovers that light has no mass and that energy does not disappear because energy is mass times velocity squared. Einstein comes along and builds more on that, suggesting that light travels in both particles and waves, that time is a malleable force, that energy is mass times the **SPEED OF LIGHT SQUARED**.

Suddenly you have a more chaotic, volatile universe; not a Puritan on a bicycle, but a Hells Angel on a Harley. Throw in the fact that the universe is **STILL** expanding and you have a complex, interconnected Universe gunning on all cylinders and making one hell of a wheelie while barely respecting the dynamics of physical law.

This is the universe we know.

Let me tell you what we don't know.

Dark Matter.

What is dark matter?

We have no earthly idea. Dr. Vera Rubin, a DC scientist and mother of four, proposed its existence in the 1970's... forty years later and still we do not know what Dark Matter is- at all.

We think Dark Matter fills the emptiness of space. It is matter that is undetectable to our senses, reflects no light, and in fact, is beyond our entire electromagnetic spectrum. Dark matter makes up 90% of the universe. Everything we see: you, me, the supermarket, the planet, the cosmos: make up the other 10% of the universe.

Everything else...is Dark Matter. It is the great unknown.

Dark Matter is floating in this room, through us, around us, like a ghostly presence we can't see, smell, or touch. But it's there: holding ...binding our universe tight, generating all the gravity that keeps the galaxies from spinning out of control.

The truth is: We just don't know what Dark Matter is. In fact, we don't really know what Gravity is either.

The thing we know the least is holding us together the most.

That was two minutes. I hope you learned something. You know, every time we look at the night sky, we are looking at the past, seeing light from a star that may not exist anymore. But you are the future. And I hope that some of you young ladies will become scientists and carry the torch and shine light on everything we still do not yet know about the universe.

Because lately, the only thing I've learned is how very little I really know.
Thank you. Thank you very much.

(OLIVIA runs off. Perhaps EMILIE strolls by, very pregnant eating an apple and writing notes or reading a physics book)

ACT II SCENE II

(MILLIE AND LEWIS's house. MILLIE is seven months pregnant. Perhaps there is water dripping from the ceiling...eventually a potted plant gets moved to absorb the water)

MILLIE

Four thousand dollars. That will pay off the property taxes. I've made a chart. The utilities are squared away. We almost paid off the months Mom didn't pay for the house. I have another eight thousand dollars coming that we can use to fix the roof, oh, and replace the shingles. Then, we can get our heads above water.

LEWIS

I don't know what to say.

MILLIE

You don't have to say anything. Nothing is fixed. We're dealing with one thing at a time.

LEWIS

You know, I read on the internet that in India, some husbands force their wives to birth babies for rich couples to make ends meet.

MILLIE

That's horrible.

LEWIS

Isn't that what you are doing?

MILLIE

No. I reached this decision of my own free will, thank you very much. God, I want to eat an apple with salt, RIGHT NOW. (She gets an apple and eats it as she shakes salt on it) Lewis, once we pay the taxes and we fight the foreclosure, we can then sell the house.

LEWIS

Sell our home?

MILLIE

If we sell the house...then we can be free.

LEWIS

Free?

MILLIE

To do things. To see the world. God, my ankles are as big as eggplants!

(She sits and put her feet up)

LEWIS

Wait a minute. This is our family home. We grew up here. We inherited this.

MILLIE

But we both can't live here forever. Hand me a pillow, please.

(MILLIE tucks it under her feet to keep them elevated)

LEWIS

Grandpa Montenaro came to this country with the dream of building a life here. He worked like a dog and died too soon. But Mom, she bought this house. She loved it.

MILLIE

She complained about it an awful lot.

LEWIS

But it was hers! Don't you see? This is our place in the world. And you want to get rid of it? So you can fly off to Paris? To go to a school that would never admit you?

MILLIE

It sounds really bad when you say it like that.

LEWIS

Yeah! If we sell the house where would we live?

MILLIE

We could rent. Does it look like the swelling is going down?

LEWIS

No.

MILLIE

I didn't know you loved this house so much.

LEWIS

I didn't know I did either.

MILLIE

This house stopped being home when Mom died.

LEWIS

This home is our shelter from the storm.

(The roof leaks)

MILLIE

Lewis, I think this old house is just holding us back.

LEWIS

Do you know what happens to people that have no roots?
They float off into space and disappear.

(LEWIS marches off)

MILLIE

Oh yeah? Well, I'm too fat to float away.

ACT II: SCENE III-France, 1700's

(EMILIE is at her desk. She is nine months pregnant. VOLTAIRE enters Furious. Emilie is huffing and puffing and very pregnant during this fight)

VOLTAIRE

Emilie, how can you think yourself a serious woman of science and then give me this paper to read? You cannot send this to the Academie.

EMILIE

I am serious and it is science.

VOLTAIRE

Do you know what you are saying?

EMILIE

When two forces collide...I don't think they cancel each other out.

VOLTAIRE

How can you contradict Newton?

EMILIE

I'm not contradicting-

VOLTAIRE

Your arrogance is appalling!

EMILIE

It's in the numbers.

VOLTAIRE

The numbers is not what counts.

EMILIE

Gottfried Leibniz thinks the same way.

VOLTAIRE

Gottfried Leibniz is German. Oh don't even get me started on the Germans.

EMILIE

Voltaire, when energy collides with energy, they don't just cease.

VOLTAIRE

When arrogance collides with naïveté, let me assure you, it risks canceling everything we are doing.

EMILIE

These are equations. Not moral judgments.

VOLTAIRE

All the work we are doing to prove that the universe is based on rational mathematical laws and now you want to cast doubt on Newton's theories?

EMILIE

My equations are correct.

VOLTAIRE

Correct isn't always what's right.

EMILIE

I am not a philosopher! I am a scientist! Argh.

VOLTAIRE

Are you all right?

EMILIE

It's too hot and I'm too fat to be fighting like this.

VOLTAIRE

Then stop working. You have to take care of yourself.

EMILIE

I have to stay awake. There's pages and pages left to do.

VOLTAIRE

You worry about your health and then do nothing to protect it? It's as if you are trying to make your prediction come true! You owe it to yourself, to this child ...to me...to lie down and rest.

EMILIE

I just thought I would have more time. When the children were young, I remember thinking, when I am older, I will have time to read all the books and think all the thoughts, and know what I do not know and make a contribution to the world that is singular and unique and mine. I know that is folly to think about...I know I mustn't think that way: who am I to assume that I have anything to contribute, but I do.

VOLTAIRE

But you have your children.

EMILIE

And I love them! But they are not me.

VOLTAIRE

And this work is...you?

EMILIE

Tell me Voltaire...if you were given nine months to live what would you do?

Would you rest? Let the ideas in your head go unrecorded? Is that what you would do?

Look at me!

VOLTAIRE

(Beat) I would write.

EMILIE

Why would you think it would be different for me?

VOLTAIRE

Emilie, be reasonable.

EMILIE

Be reasonable? I don't have time to be reasonable. I want to be productive!

VOLTAIRE

Emilie

EMILIE

Being reasonable is for the living! This baby is coming soon.

(Beat)

VOLTAIRE

What will happen to the child if you die?

EMILIE

Pauline will marry soon...and the baby will go live with her and her new husband. In Italy.

VOLTAIRE

That awful wedding is your idea!

EMILIE

I have to protect the baby.

VOLTAIRE

How could you do this to Pauline?

EMILIE

Do not judge me. You have never had to take care of anybody but yourself.

VOLTAIRE
But Pauline-

EMILIE
Pauline is a clever, resourceful, and generous soul. She will bring this baby into her new household. She will take better care of this child than anyone else I know.

VOLTAIRE
But Pauline is your child.

EMILIE
And she will be an excellent mother.

VOLTAIRE
My goodness...the strategy....and you said nothing

EMILIE
I am their mother. I have to protect my children.

VOLTAIRE
Any woman can be a mother...you have so much more to offer.

EMILIE
You belittle me and praise me in the same sentence.

VOLTAIRE
It's not just.

EMILIE
It is what it is. Women bear children. And some of us die in the process. It's the natural order.

(Dawning of Illumination...)

VOLTAIRE
No! There is nature, there is chance and there is science. And the reason so many women die in childbirth is because... we let you die.

EMILIE
What?

VOLTAIRE
Think of it Emilie! Think! The King demands the best cannons...and somehow someway every couple of years, a deadlier one is made. Imagine what would happen if he demanded that doctors find a way to help women survive child birth?

EMILIE

Voltaire, please don't say that now.

VOLTAIRE

Emilie, this is a matter of conscience. We should go to the King and entreat him! We should go to doctors and demand they prevent your death.

EMILIE

Demand? You are not being reasonable.

VOLTAIRE

"No problem can withstand the assault of sustained thinking".

EMILIE

We can't prevent death.

VOLTAIRE

But we can prolong life if we value it

EMILIE

Voltaire, I no longer fear death.

VOLTAIRE

But I am afraid of grief.

EMILIE

Don't you realize things happen for a reason? All is for the best in this best of possible worlds. (She hugs him and consoles him).

VOLTAIRE

Oh my dear. You say that with so much faith.

EMILIE

Voltaire, I am going to send this paper to the Academy of Science.

VOLTAIRE

And then you will rest?

EMILIE

Yes, then I will rest.

ACT II: SCENE IV: EXPERIMENT TWO: Her Discovery.

EMILIE

What is energy? For Newton, energy was mass times velocity.

In this equation, in Newton's view...energy disappears. If a carriage hits another carriage...there is a big collision, the energy of each object cancels each other out, and then stillness. Energy is lost forever... and it is in this void, this stillness ...where the hand of God enters...intervenes...and reignites the forces that start the world spinning again.

But...if this theory was correct...that would mean that a ball that falls in mud at twice the speed would make a hole twice as deep. But, as Leibniz discovered before me, when a ball falls at twice the speed...the hole it makes in the mud is four times as deep. And if a ball hits the mud at three times the speed...the hole is nine times deeper. Energy is Mass times velocity squared...In this view, when two carts or... birds or ...lovers... collide...there is a big crash...and then perhaps quiet...but no real stillness ...all the energy that brought them into collision gets thrown into the atmosphere in a messy jangle of bent metal and torn wings and broken hearts...vibrating, wringing, beating in new forms of existence. Energy does not escape, it penetrates and transforms. There are no voids. God oversees His creation, but He does not intervene to set things in motion again

Everything changes but nothing is lost. Ever.

(Lights OUT)

ACT II: SCENE V

(MILLIE is madly cleaning her house. She is also scooping dirt out of a flower plant and eating it. She is eight and half months pregnant)

OLIVIA

Millie, I'm here.

(MILLIE is dusting listening to music on her earphones)

Millie? The door was open.

MILLIE

Oh you are here early.

OLIVIA

Never late again! Peter is parking the car.

MILLIE

So this is it! Our old house.

OLIVIA

It's charming!

MILLIE

If you say so. Thanks so much for coming by and giving me the ride.

OLIVIA

Of course. We are in for a treat. I looked all over the internet and Urban Moms said this La Maze course was the most satisfying and enriching class in the Tri-State area.

MILLIE

Great. What's all that?

OLIVIA

WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN YOU ARE EXPECTING, THE GIRLFRIEND'S GUIDE TO BABIES, THE BABY WHISPERER. I'm devouring all of them.

Do you want to borrow some?

MILLIE

No thank you. I don't feel like reading.

OLIVIA

How do you feel?

MILLIE

Like a hippo that ate a whale...I can hear myself breathe when I go up the stairs...Look at me! Can you believe it!? This baby is coming soon. But I have so much I need to do. See? I'm cleaning.

OLIVIA

Oh, I read about that! It's called-

MILLIE and OLIVIA

Nesting.

OLIVIA

Fascinating. Nesting. Incredible how our biology activates deep psychological impulses. Bears and Birds and Bees and humans.

MILLIE

Yeah, I didn't believe it would happen to me...but look at this place. It hasn't looked like nice since Mom lived here. I mean even Lewis is going to be happy about this.

OLIVIA

Come here

(Olivia absent-mindedly does the spit on the finger wipe the kid face move)

You have dirt on your face.

MILLIE

I feel very driven to clean.

OLIVIA

And it's good for everyone. Nobody likes dirt, right?

MILLIE

Right. (Beat) Oh the baby just kicked! Feel it?

OLIVIA

Feel what?

MILLE

The foot...it's up against my belly.

(MILLIE grabs OLIVIA hand and places it on her belly.

OLIVIA

I don't feel anything.

MILLIE

Wait a second. Ah-ha! There it goes! The kick. Did you feel it!

(Suddenly OLIVIA is uncomfortable)

OLIVIA

Oh yes. That's definitely a kicking baby.

MILLIE

Ha! Oh, I have something else I want to show you. (She brings out a bag) Look. I made a little dressing gown for the baby today. Isn't it sweet?

OLIVIA

Oh. It is! So little.

MILLIE

So Soft. All yellow and green. You know because... we don't know...the sex yet.

(MILLIE strokes the clothes and then slides them over to OLIVIA)

Here you should take this home. It's for you.

OLIVIA

I love it. Thank you. And don't worry. I'll write you a check for whatever costs you incur for the baby.

MILLIE

OK

(MILLIE tears up a little)

OLIVIA

Millie, I'm sorry. Did I say something wrong?

MILLIE

No.

OLIVIA

I see all the changes you are going through and I want to make it easier for you. I so appreciate everything you are doing. You need to spend your money on you. On your dreams.

MILLIE

My dreams. Yeah, I know.

OLIVIA

I love the maternity dress.

MILLIE
I made it.

OLIVIA
Please do not feel bad.

MILLIE
Oh I don't feel bad. I just feel...so much.

OLIVIA
You do?

MILLIE
I'm dusting and everything is a little fuzzy, except that corner of that table...suddenly glares like the really dangerous baby assault weapon that it is.

OLIVIA
Natural instinct is a very compelling force.

MILLIE
Fight or Flight, right?

OLIVIA
Right.

(MILLIE rubs her belly)

MILLIE
It's amazingly amazing. I feel so ...here. Everything is just so painful and deliciously alive.

(OLIVIA suddenly plops down)

Are you OK?

OLIVIA
Yes, I just got a little dizzy.

(PETER comes in)

PETER
Oh what a great old house, Millie. All right ladies? Are we ready for the Lamaze? Are you OK?

OLIVIA
I'm all right. Let's go.

(THEY ALL GET UP TO GO. LEWIS walks in. There is a Pause)

PETER

Hello, you must be Lewis.

LEWIS

That's right.

OLIVIA

I'm Doctor Olivia Hasting Brown and this is

PETER

I'm Peter Brown.

LEWIS (Punches PETER IN THE FACE)

HA!

MILLIE

Lewis!

LEWIS

That felt so good!

PETER

Oh My God.

MILLIE

Oh my God.

OLVIA

Oh my God.

MILLIE

Lewis!

LEWIS

That felt so good

OLIVIA

Peter!

LEWIS

That's for taking advantage of my little sister!

MILLIE

Lewis, what's wrong with you!

LEWIS
Wrong with me?

PETER
Lewis, I understand...

LEWIS
No. You can't use my family like this.

OLIVIA
Lewis-

LEWIS
This family is not that kind of family!

MILLIE
Lewis, this is my body and it's their child. Period.

OLIVIA
I think your sister is incredibly resourceful, and sees this as moral, spiritual win win situation for all of us. We get to build a loving family. And she gets to go to Paris.

LEWIS
Paris?

OLIVIA
Yes. Millie has been admitted to one of the best fashion design schools in Paris where she is going to create wonderful hats and clothes...

LEWIS
That's very romantic. Millie, tell them what you are using the money for. Tell them

PETER
Millie...

LEWIS
Millie is not going to fashion design school. She's not going to Paris. She used all the money to stave off the foreclosure of this house so that she and I won't end up on the street.

(BEAT)

PETER
Good God.

MILLIE

I don't see this the same way as Lewis does. I wanted to do something that matters.

LEWIS

Olivia, why can't you have your own baby?

OLIVIA

I had cancer

PETER

But it's gone.

LEWIS

I'm sorry. What if the cancer comes back?

OLIVIA

It won't.

LEWIS

You can't control that. It might. And I hear if it does it's really fast and really, really bad.

MILLIE

Lewis, stop it. You are being cruel

LEWIS

Listen, what kind of a crazy person buys a baby when they were just on the brink of dying? It's irrational and irresponsible! Millie, what happens to your baby if she dies?

MILLIE

Oh God.

OLIVIA

Peter is a wonderful care giver. Peter will take better care of this child than anyone I know. He would be an amazing single parent.

PETER

Oh, God.

MILLIE

He will! Peter is the best! Peter will be a much better parent than any of us.

OLIVIA

Oh, God.

MILLIE

Olivia, I'm sorry. I didn't mean you...

OLIVIA

Yes you did. (Beat) And you are absolutely right. (PAUSE) Lewis is right. This is crazy. And irresponsible. I shouldn't be doing this.

PETER

What?

OLIVIA

I don't feel any of this! All these intense feelings you both are feeling. I DO NOT FEEL.

MILLIE

Of course you do.

OLIVIA

I know I'm supposed to be connected. Intellectually I know that baby contractually belongs to me....and I really love the baby...in my mind...as an idea...but I DO NOT FEEL IT.

LEWIS

Oh no.

PETER

Olivia...

OLIVIA

I'm sorry.

LEWIS

Oh shit!

OLIVIA

I'm sorry. I can't handle this. It's just too much. I need to get out of here!

(AND SHE RUNS OUT OF THERE)

LEWIS

I am the world's worst brother.

PETER

I've never seen Olivia like that. Ever.

LEWIS

What have I done? What are we going to do?

MILLIE

Lewis, please shut up. I've had enough out of you. Peter, go that way. I'll go this way. Lewis, stay here and do nothing. We have to find Olivia. Bring umbrellas. It looks like it's going to rain.

ACT II: SCENE VI- FRANCE 1700's

(VOLTAIRE IS PACING. We hear the sounds of EMILIE in labor in the room. We hear the baby cry. VOLTAIRE can't take it anymore and bursts in the room)

VOLTAIRE
EMILIE!

EMILIE
It's a girl. A beautiful little girl.

VOLTAIRE
You look so well!

EMILIE
I feel so well! Look at her, Voltaire, she's perfect.

VOLTAIRE
Just like her mother.

EMILIE
So little.

VOLTAIRE
She will grow!

EMILIE
She's so sweet. My heart aches just looking at her.

VOLTAIRE
You need to rest.

EMILIE
Look at her hands- so strong and small.

VOLTAIRE
You are beautiful.

EMILIE
Do you want to hold her?

VOLTAIRE
Oh! I've never held someone so tiny. (He takes her)

EMILIE
Hold her head....

VOLTAIRE

Her eyes...Oh! She just opened her eyes...for a second.

EMILIE

Hello little girl. I'm your mother. And this is...

VOLTAIRE

Uncle Voltaire. Oh! There ! She did it again! She opened her eyes!

EMILIE

Oh let me see!

VOLTAIRE

Her lips are a perfect letter o.

PAULINE

Maman.

(PAULINE enters her stunning wedding dress...full of stars..)

EMILIE

Pauline!

PAULINE

For the wedding next week. I wanted you to see me.

EMILIE

You are a beautiful bride, Pauline

PAULINE

Thank you.

EMILIE

But you will not marry Duke Fabio Montenaro next week.

PAULINE

Maman...

EMILIE

You belong here, at home, with me and your sister. And your brother will return from the army. And Voltaire will write. Jean François will visit. You will wear that gown in the salons of Paris. We will demand entry to the university. We will be happy.

(THE WET NURSE ENTERS. It is OLIVIA with a full healthy bosom...dressed as a peasant...ready to feed a baby that is not hers)

VOLTAIRE

The wet nurse is here.

WET NURSE

Madame, you look so ---

EMILIE

Well?

WET NURSE

Wonderful!

VOLTAIRE

Doesn't she? I love it when you are wrong!

EMILIE

Today, I love being wrong too.

WET NURSE

The baby is small.

EMILIE

The baby is perfect.

WET NURSE

Allow me to feed her, Madame.

(EMILIE refuses to let the baby go)

EMILIE

Not yet.

PAULINE

The baby needs to eat, Maman.

EMILIE

But by then this perfect moment will be past. Let me hold her. I can feed her.

WET NURSE

Madame...No. It wouldn't be proper. It is my work.

EMILIE

Where is Jean-François? Why is he not here yet?

VOLTAIRE

He doesn't deserve to father someone so bright and delicate.

EMILIE

Voltaire, you must promise not to fight with Jean-François.

PAULINE

Maman...Let me hold the baby.

EMILIE

Be careful.

PAULINE

Hello little girl.

(EMILIE hands the baby to her daughter)

EMILIE

You were just as small...and look at you now.

PAULINE

Yes, look at me now.

EMILIE

As bright as the night sky. I look at the two of you...and I feel... immortal.

PAULINE

(Tenderly strokes the Mother's cheek) Maman, rest.

(PAULINE hands the baby to the WET NURSE. The WET NURSE feeds the baby.)

WET NURSE (to the baby)

Viens ici, ma petite. Oui, c'est comme ça.

(She clucks as the baby nurses, like it's the most natural thing in the world)

EMILIE

It's so hot...I'm so tired...

VOLTAIRE

It is August.

EMILIE

And I am alive!

(THE WET NURSE and EMILIE sing a lullaby in French underneath the following).

Dodo l'enfant do

L'enfant dormira bien vite
Dodo l'enfant do
L'enfant dormira bientôt

(THE WET NURSE feeds the baby. Then PAULINE gently helps EMILIE up and they slowly exit...THE WET NURSE leading the way, holding the baby, while PAULINE helps EMILIE.
VOLTAIRE watches them all go. He is alone).

VOLTAIRE

A few days later, Emilie died,

from an infection after the birth of her child. Her infant daughter Adelaide lived a little longer, and then, also succumbed.

Pauline married the old Duke in Italy.

Monsieur du Châtelet never remarried.

Emilie's only son Louis was guillotined during the French Revolution... With his death the du Châtelet line ceased.

Emilie's treatise on Newton's PRINCIPIA lingered in obscurity for ten years after her death, until a passing comet ignited people's interest in all things celestial. It was suddenly discovered, dusted off, and published. It is the translation still used in France today.

Twelve years after the death of Emilie, I wrote a short story called entitled CANDIDE.

CANDIDE is the story of an optimistic man who accepts every bitter thing life has to offer with the phrase ALL IS FOR THE BEST IN THIS BEST OF POSSIBLE WORLDS.

After it was published, I was banished by the King...and lived the rest of my life in Exile

I died at the age of 84; I lived twice as long as Emilie

All is for the Best in this best of possible worlds.

How Emilie could say that, is... beyond me.

(VOLTAIRE watches EMILIE and her baby disappear into the dark...and then VOLTAIRE watches a visibly distraught screaming OLIVIA run by him and climb up the apple tree)

ACT II: SCENE VII

OLIVIA
AAaaahhh!

VOLTAIRE
Madame, what are you doing up there?

OLIVIA
Oh My God. What is going on! Why is a French man with a white curly wig talking to me???

VOLTAIRE
I am Voltaire.

OLIVIA
What are you doing here in New Jersey? Good God, I am mad.

VOLTAIRE
No, no...you're just a little flustered.

OLIVIA
I am not flustered. I am crazy. I'm up in a tree---

VOLTAIRE
A change of perspective is healthy

OLIVIA
Talking to Voltaire.

VOLTAIRE
Perhaps New Jersey is a very Enlightened place, n'est ce pas?

OLIVIA
Why can I understand the universe and not something as simple as a baby?

VOLTAIRE
You understand the universe?

OLIVIA
It's whirling and expanding as we speak!

VOLTAIRE (grabs on tight)
It is?

OLIVIA
Don't you feel it?

VOLTAIRE
Not really.

OLIVIA
That's because of Gravity,

VOLTAIRE
Oh! I understand gravity! But how can the universe be expanding? I thought it was like a clock.

OLIVIA
It's a little messier than that.

VOLTAIRE
Is Newton wrong?

OLIVIA
No, but he just isn't right all the time. There's room for other theories like special relativity, quantum physics, like string theory.

VOLTAIRE
Emilie was right, after all.

OLIVIA
Oh God! Why did I want to be a mother?

VOLTAIRE
It's a common urge.

OLIVIA
Why did I think becoming a mother would make me whole?

VOLTAIRE
From my limited observations, motherhood makes you whole and splits you apart at the same time.

OLIVIA
Did you have children?

VOLTAIRE
No, I did not.

OLIVIA

You were passionate about what you did. You lived your life fully. Look what contributions you were able to make.

VOLTAIRE

Thank you!

OLIVIA

You were the father of the Enlightenment. You came up with the concept of human rights. I read CANDIDE in high school.

VOLTAIRE

You are wonderful!

OLIVIA

I have a planet. An embryonic core of a planet that might, in a million years, be a vital part of a different solar system. That might give us clues to how our Earth was formed. And I want to understand it, watch it grow, and hope it will be everything it could possibly be.

VOLTAIRE

We each have our own garden to tend.

OLIVIA

I do! And yet,

VOLTAIRE

Yet?

OLIVIA

The baby is coming anyway.

VOLTAIRE

Oh. Are you ...expecting?

OLIVIA

Yes. I'm expecting.

VOLTAIRE

Oh! You are with child?

OLIVIA

Oh, no. But Millie is. I want to understand and to feel...And I try. I want to. I really do. But I look at her huge round belly and her flushed face and I have NO Earthly idea what she is really going through. What kind of mother is that?

VOLTAIRE
(Beat) A father.

(BEAT)

OLIVIA
A father.

VOLTAIRE
There was a child in my life, Pauline, but she wasn't mine. I cut her apple slices, I taught her how to write her name. She made the costumes for my plays...she was impassioned by an inner light that I always wanted her to have but I never fully understood.

OLIVIA
A father.

(Raindrops, wind)

VOLTAIRE
A storm is coming.

MILLIE (OFFSTAGE)
OLIVIA!

OLIVIA
Oh no! It's the Mother. She's coming to get me.

ACT II: SCENE VIII

(MILLIE comes on stage. She is on a mission)

MILLIE

Doctor Olivia Hasting Brown!

VOLTAIRE

That's her?

OLIVIA

Yes. The mother.

VOLTAIRE

She looks familiar.

OLIVIA

I don't want her to see me.

MILLIE

There you are! You think I can't see you. But I do. Come down from that tree immediately young...youngish, middle aged lady!

OLIVIA

I want to be alone.

MILLIE

Well, I have some news for you, Doctor, this is not about what you want. Your daughter needs you.

OLIVIA

It's a girl?

MILLIE

Yes, it's a girl.

OLIVIA

You found out? When I asked you not to?

MILLIE

I wanted to know.

OLIVIA

And you didn't tell me?

MILLIE

You didn't want to know.

OLIVIA

Right.

MILLIE

I'm sorry I didn't tell you about the house. I was scared you wouldn't choose me.

OLIVIA

Millie, I wouldn't have chosen anyone else but you.

MILLIE

Please come down, Olivia.

OLIVIA

I can't.

MILLIE

Yes you can.

OLIVIA

I can't. I'm sorry.

(MILLIE starts shaking the tree)

MILLIE

Come down, Olivia.

OLIVIA

I don't know if I can go through with any of this.

(MILLIE STARTS TO CLIMB THE TREE)

MILLIE

I don't care if I have to come get you. You are coming down that tree.

OLIVIA

Millie, you can't. You're pregnant.

Millie slides down.

MILLIE

Don't tell me what I can and can't do, Doctor Olivia Hasting Brown.

OLIVIA

Stop it, Millie. Think of the baby.

MILLIE

I am thinking of the baby.

(MILLIE starts to climb again)

OLIVIA

Stop climbing!

MILLIE

Olivia! Get down here this instant!

OLIVIA

I'm so sorry.

(MILLIE throws an apple at OLIVIA)

OLIVIA

No.

MILLIE

You're leaving me like this?

OLIVIA

Millie, I chose you because I knew there was nothing you couldn't handle. You can handle this.

MILLIE

Olivia... You have a tenured position at the Isaac Newton Institute. You have discovered an embryonic core of a planet. You survived late stage ovarian cancer.

OLIVIA

So?

MILLIE

Parenthood isn't rocket science.

OLIVIA

Exactly! My Mom, she picked me up from school every single day. I always had matching socks and clean underwear. Saturday, she drove me to violin. But I don't know what she thought. I don't know how she felt.

MILLIE

This is your baby.

OLIVIA
Prove it!

MILLIE
Ohmigod, you aren't going to come down are you?

OLIVIA
That baby will be the most wonderful thing that ever happened to you

MILLIE
Ohmigod.

OLIVIA
All is for the best in this best of possible worlds.

VOLTAIRE
Don't say that.

MILLIE
Oh. I miss my Mom.

OLIVIA
Oh Millie.

MILLIE (MILLIE sinks to the ground)
I wish she was here.

OLIVIA (Olivia starts to descend)
It will be all right.

MILLIE
I really, really miss her.

OLIVIA (Olivia gets to Mille and hugs her)
There. There.

MILLIE
Oh.

OLIVIA
Oh.

OLIVIA
Shh.

OLIVIA

Oh.

MILLIE

Oh.

OLIVIA

Oh.

MILLIE

Oh-oh.

OLIVIA

What?

MILLIE

I'm wet. My water broke!

OLIVIA (To VOLTAIRE)

I have to get her to a hospital.

VOLTAIRE

I can't go through this again

(MILLIE is in full labor. The storm gets stronger)

OLIVIA

Hold on Millie. Don't worry. I'll make sure you and the baby are both going to be just fine.

(MILLIE and OLIVIA exit. VOLTAIRE remains up in the tree.)

EMILIE

Voltaire, you should come down from there. It's raining.

VOLTAIRE

Emilie, it's you.

EMILIE

Oui. C'est moi.

VOLTAIRE

You are luminous.

EMILIE

It's still me.

VOLTAIRE

The night you died, I wrote a poem “I shall await you quietly-in my meridian, in the fields of Cirey. Watching one star only. Watching my Emilie.”

EMILIE

That is beautiful.

VOLTAIRE

Thirty years I had to live without you. And I missed you everyday. I lived 84 years and found only one truth: that flies were born to be devoured by spiders, and men to be consumed by sorrow.

EMILIE

Oh, *Mon Cher* Voltaire. “To enjoy life, we must touch much of it lightly”.

PETER (offstage)

Olivia! Olivia!

VOLTAIRE

Who’s that?

EMILIE

I don’t know.

ACT II: SCENE IX

(PETER is out looking for OLIVIA. A bad storm is coming. It is raining. It is windy. We hear thunder. He is calling out for OLIVIA. VOLTAIRE watches from his tree.)

PETER

Olivia! Where are you? You have to get back to the house. It's not safe out here.

(A flash of lightning hits PETER instantly.
MAYBE hundreds of Apples fall out of trees.
And PETER dies. EMILIE enters.)

EMILIE

You just got struck by lightning!

PETER

Oh no...

EMILIE

How did it feel?

PETER

Like I got hit by a cannon ball. Like...like... I just died. (Beat)
It's all over. And I didn't even see it coming. Am I dead?

EMILIE

I am sorry.

PETER

I never asked for much. I never had grand designs. I tend my own garden. I go to the supermarket. I teach writing. I buy small pencils. I'm just a man who goes to work. I'm just a man who loves his wife.

EMILIE

I know.

PETER

But God! I'm not going to see Olivia again. I'm not going to meet our baby.

EMILIE

I'm so sorry.

PETER

I do not want to be dead.

EMILIE (places her hands on his chest)
Your heart has stopped.

PETER
Hit it.

EMILIE
Hit your heart?

(PETER grabs her hands and pumps them against his chest)

PETER
With all your might.

EMILIE
But...

PETER
Harder. Again.

EMILIE
Like this?

PETER
Help me!

EMILIE
More?

PETER
Again!

EMILIE
I'm trying. Is it working? Oh! Oh! Oh!

(He rises to his feet)

PETER
Yes!

EMILIE
It's a miracle!

PETER
It's science!

EMILIE

Monsieur, you are one of those people that are hit by light and to live to tell about it.

PETER

Where there is a will, sometimes, there is a way. And I have so much I need to do.
Olivia! Olivia!

(PETER exits. EMILIE is all breathless and flustered by what has just happened.
VOLTAIRE comes down the tree)

EMILIE

Voltaire, did you see that?

VOLTAIRE

Simply incredible how you still manage to get a rise out of men.

EMILIE

Voltaire, it's just like Newton said: an unmoving object will not move unless a force acts upon it.

SAINT LAMBERT (Off stage)

Emilie!

EMILIE

It's Jean-François!

VOLTAIRE

Wait! He can't see you.

EMILIE

Why not?

VOLTAIRE

Emilie, he doesn't know yet.

ST. LAMBERT

Emilie, it's me.

EMILIE

Doesn't know what?

VOLTAIRE

That you died. Go!

(EMILIE hides. VOLTAIRE faces ST. LAMBERT)

SAINT-LAMBERT
I'm here to see Emilie.

VOLTAIRE
Saint-Lambert, finally here, are you?

SAINT-LAMBERT
I meant to come sooner...but...

VOLTAIRE
But...

SAINT LAMBERT
The King, who is very displeased with you, has asked me to try to capture the very moment summer greens mature into vibrant autumn foliage. And my vigil is constant, since the trees are due to turn any moment.

DU CHÂTELET (entering)
Who is this?

VOLTAIRE
Marquis du Châtelet... This is Saint-Lambert.

DU CHÂTELET
I wish I could say I was pleased to meet you, but I am not.

SAINT LAMBERT
I am here to see Emilie and my-the-child.

DU CHÂTELET
Did you not receive the news?

SAINT-LAMBERT
What news?

DU CHÂTELET
Emilie is dead. And so is your child.

SAINT LAMBERT
I received her joyous letter that all was well.

VOLTAIRE
Everything changed.

DU CHÂTELET
She asked for you...she wanted to see you.

VOLTAIRE

For days, she asked for you.

SAINT-LAMBERT

Marquis, Voltaire, you must understand the King asked me to stay. (beat) I thought all was well!

DU CHÂTELET

Excuse me, Saint Lambert because I am an older man...raised in old fashioned ways...but I do feel the need to express this sentiment to you.

SAINT-LAMBERT

Marquis?

(DU CHÂTELET swings his fist and hits SAINT-LAMBERT on the nose)

DU CHATELET

Every action has an equal and opposite reaction.

SAINT LAMBERT

Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God.

(CHÂTELET and VOLTAIRE bow to each other. CHATELET exits. VOLTAIRE grabs ST. LAMBERT...helps him up, brusquely)

VOLTAIRE

I have never made but one prayer to God...a very short one "O Lord, make my enemies ridiculous. And God granted it"

SAINT-LAMBERT

She's gone. And the baby. Gone...

VOLTAIRE

(TO THE AUDIENCE)

Everyone, this is Jean-François de Saint Lambert...the silly puppy who killed Emilie du Châtelet.

SAINT-LAMBERT

(Falls apart) I loved Emilie. I did. I loved her.

VOLTAIRE

Every man is guilty of all the good he did not do.

(VOLTARE slams the door on him. EMILIE tries to run after him)

EMILIE

Jean-François, wait!

(VOLTAIRE stops her from going after ST. LAMBERT)

You were horrible to him.

VOLTAIRE

That silly little puppy. He deserved it.

EMILIE

He is devastated.

VOLTAIRE

He was not the only one.

EMILIE

He loved me. He was so happy about the baby.

VOLTAIRE

He abandoned you.

EMILIE

He was at Court!

VOLTAIRE

He is the reason you died. You would not have died if you had not loved him.

EMILIE

His love did not kill me.

VOLTAIRE

No, I did.

EMILIE

That is irrational.

VOLTAIRE

Those other women! Those stupid letters I wrote.

EMILIE

Voltaire, I chose to love St. Lambert.

VOLTAIRE

How could I know things would end up like this?

EMILIE

You couldn't. C'est- LA- VIE!

(LEWIS RUNS ON)

LEWIS

You! You speak French.

VOLTAIRE and EMILIE

Mais oui.

LEWIS

I'm not the sort of brother that would usually consider opening a letter like this, but life has been very chaotic and I can't make sense of it all. There's been too much change. My mother died-

EMILIE

I'm sorry. You look so familiar.

LEWIS

And my sister is pregnant. With this school teacher Peter...who is married to a woman named Olivia

EMILIE

So your sister is Peter's mistress?

LEWIS

No. No. She's involved with both of them.

VOLTAIRE

A ménage-a-trois?

LEWIS

No! God No! How can I explain it? They have paid her to have Peter's baby.

VOLTAIRE

They paid your sister to faire l'amour with the husband?

LEWIS

No! She conceived the husband's baby, but there was no fairing l'amouring.

EMILIE

There was no love-making?

VOLTAIRE

And this is progress?

LEWIS

She is giving birth to the child but she will not be the mother. Anyway, Millie is so young, only twenty-one, and pregnant

VOLTAIRE

You are concerned she will die during childbirth.

LEWIS

Oh God! Should I be?

EMILIE

Why is your sister doing this?

LEWIS

Olivia was supposed to die but she didn't. Then she discovered a planet and wanted a baby, that my sister is having so she can pay to go to school in Paris but instead she used all the money to save my mother's house.

VOLTAIRE

Amazing how much Americans reveal about themselves to complete strangers.

LEWIS

Except, now today, a letter came in the mail. From Paris. For Millie. From the Grand E-cole. And it could change everything. Would you please read it and translate it for me?

(He hands the unopened letter to Emilie)

EMILIE (looks at the envelope)

Emilia Montenaro. Emilia Montenaro?

VOLTAIRE

Are you Italian?

LEWIS

Through my Mom.

EMILIE

What is your name?

LEWIS

Lewis Fabio Montenaro.

(EMILIE hugs LEWIS)

EMILIE

Oh my! You sweet sweet boy! Now, I have to find your sister.

(EMILIE hands LEWIS the unopened envelope and runs off.
LEWIS looks at the letter and then at VOLTAIRE).

LEWIS

What should we do?

VOLTAIRE

It is dangerous to read letters not meant for you.
(LEWIS nods and puts the letter in his back pocket).

LEWIS

Do lots of people in France dress like you?

VOLTAIRE

(beat) Yes. They do.

ACT II: SCENE X- NEW JERSEY- NOW

At the threshold of the hospital. They are leaving the hospital. PETER has gone for the car. MILLIE is holding the baby. OLIVIA is holding Millie's luggage and a bouquet of flowers with a pink helium balloon that reads "It's a GIRL")

(MILLIE holds the baby. Sings the same beautiful lullaby...in Italian "Dare la Luce")

MILLIE

Dorme bambino

Dorme bambino adesso

Dorme bambino

Bimbo dormira fra po

OLIVIA

She's so little.

MILLIE

Yes.

OLIVIA

She doesn't look like Peter very much.

MILLIE

Not yet.

OLIVIA

You were amazingly amazing in there.

MILLIE

It was more intense than I expected.

OLIVIA

It's not called Labor for nothing.

MILLIE

I can't believe that it's all over!

OLIVIA

Me neither.

MILLIE

You and baby Agnes are going home today.

OLIVIA

You know what? Agnes is really not the right name for her.

MILLIE

Oh, I'm so glad you said that. Do you have another name in mind?

OLIVIA

I think our daughter should live with the name you choose to give her.

MILLIE

Me? Really?

OLIVIA

I think so.

MILLIE

I get to choose. Oh! I know what I want! I want to name her Pauline. It was my mother's name. It's been a family name for generations.

(MILLIE kisses the baby's forehead hands OLIVIA the sleeping baby)

OLIVIA

That's perfect. Hello sweet Pauline, I am your mother.

(The baby starts to cry)

OLIVIA

Oh no.

MILLIE

It's OK.

OLIVIA

Your Daddy will be here any second. He'll know how to make you happy.

MILLIE

Shhh, baby...

OLIVIA

I can't do this, Millie. Where's Peter? I can't.

MILLIE

Yes you can. Here sing something that's you.

OLIVIA (sings)

It's poetry in motion

She turned her tender eyes to me
As deep as any ocean
As sweet as any harmony
She Blinded Me with science (Do-do-do)
She blinded me--- with Science!
And found me with biology.

(The baby sleeps. PETER, with a bandage on his nose, enters with a car seat)

PETER

I've got the car. Oh look at her! Her lips are a perfect letter "o".

OLIVIA

Peter...what do you think of the name...Pauline?

PETER

Perfect! Hello, little Pauline Brown.

OLIVIA

Ok now be careful.

(They put the baby in the car seat)

PETER

You have to have a PhD to snap that in.

(OLIVIA snaps the baby in)

OLIVIA

Cover her up. Where's the pacifier?

PETER

I don't think she needs a pacifier. Does her head look ok?

OLIVIA fixes something.

I think that's better.

(Time to say Good-bye)

PETER

OK.

OLIVIA

OK.

MILLIE
OK.

PETER
Is Lewis coming to get you?

MILLIE
Yes...I think he's just waiting for you to leave. You know, he feels bad about your nose.

OLIVIA
Millie-

MILLIE
The pleasure was all mine. I can't tell you how happy I am to see you this happy.

(They hug her)

OLIVIA
The diaper bag! Who has the diaper bag?

MILLIE
Here.

PETER
The application for the birth certificate! Where did I put it?

MILLIE
It's in a folder in the diaper bag.

OLIVIA
We will be in touch.

MILLIE
Of course.

OLIVIA
Careful, Peter, she's a baby, not a fruit basket!

(PETER exits with the baby and flowers and balloon)

OLIVIA
Millie? (MILLIE turns around)
You have turned me into a mother.

(OLIVIA exit. MILLIE sits on her suitcase and waits).

(LEWIS runs in with flowers).

LEWIS

I parked way out of the way. So they wouldn't see me. But I wanted to let you know I am here.

MILLIE

Thank you.

LEWIS

How do you feel?

MILLIE

Good.

LEWIS

Here. I have something for you.

(LEWIS gives her a quick hug and some flowers)

MILLIE

You hate flowers.

LEWIS

But you don't. Stay put, sis. I'm going to get the car

(He starts to exit, reconsiders and comes back)

Also, this letter came in the mail for you today.

(He hands her the rumpled, unopened letter)

Why didn't you tell me you actually applied?

MILLIE

I didn't think it would matter.

LEWIS

Yeah! It does.

(He exits)

(MILLIE sits on the suitcase. She is alone. She looks at the letter and then she begins to weep).

ACT II: SCENE XI

(EMILIE appears)

EMILIE
Emilia!

MILLIE
Mom?

EMILIE
No.

MILLIE
Only my mom called me Emilia. (She wipes her eyes) Everyone else calls me Millie.
Wow, your dress is amazingly amazing.

EMILIE
Merci. Merci beaucoup. Are you going to open the letter?

MILLIE
It's from Paris...

EMILIE
You should open it.

MILLIE
I don't want to know what's inside. I'm scared. Maybe they don't want me.

EMILIE
Maybe they do.

MILLIE
I can't go. I have nothing. I used all the money to save the house.

EMILIE
A friend of mine used to say "no problem can withstand the assault of sustained thinking".

MILLIE
That's optimistic.

EMILIE
My daughter always dreamed of going to Paris. Open the letter, Emilia.

(MILLIE opens the letter and reads it!)

MILLIE
Oh no.

EMILIE
What?

MILLIE
(beat) I got in. I got in! I GOT IN!

(MILLIE and EMILIE hug excitedly like a Mom and child would)

What shall I do?

EMILIE
Find a way to get there.

MILLIE
I'll get more hours at the Library. Maybe they have a scholarship. Maybe Olivia and Peter have an idea. I'll talk to Lewis. Maybe we will sell the house. Or rent it. (MILLIE picks up her suitcase, lost in her planning)

EMILIE
Emilia?

MILLIE
Yes?

(EMILIE strokes MILLIE's cheek)

EMILIE
I look at you and I feel immortal.

(EMILIE plucks an apple and hands it to MILLIE)

Always do something that matters

(The apple glows like a light)

MILLIE
Merci. Merci beaucoup.

(MILLIE picks up the suitcase and leaves with joyful resolve)

EMILIE
She looks so much like my Pauline.

(VOLTAIRE comes forward)

VOLTAIRE

The apple does not fall far from the tree.

EMILIE

Look at her go.

VOLTAIRE

She is light.

EMILIE

Oh Voltaire....She is energy!

(She smiles at him, they hug or kiss)

Everything changes, but nothing is lost. Ever.

(Stars illuminate everywhere).

(The end).